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# The Easley Messenger.

Gruth, like a torch, the more it's shook, it shines.

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# The Gasley Messenger.

## HUDGENS, HAGOOD & CO., Prop'rs.

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Editors.

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### The Sowing and Reaping.

A wonderful thing is a seed;
The one thing deathless forever—
Forever old and forever new,
Utterly faithful and utterly true—
Fickle and faithless never,

Plant lilies and lilies will bloom;
Plant roses and roses will grow;
Plant bate and bate to life will spring,
Plant love and love to you will bring
The fruit of the seed you sow.

—Tennyson's superb descriptions—there are two—of the ride of Launcelot and Guinevere will be remembered by all readers who care for poetry:

As fast she fled through sun and shade The happy winds upon her played.

Blowing the ringlet from the braid. She looked so lovely as she swayed

The rein with dainty finger tips A man had given all other bliss.
And all his worldly wealth for this,
To waste his whole heart in a kiss
Upon her perfect lips.

### Bill Arp's Letter in Atlanta Constitution.

Mr. Shakespeare says that a man has seven ages, but to my opinion a boy has about ten of his own. He begins with his first pair of breeches and a stick horse and climbs up by degrees to toy guns and fire crackers and sling shot and breaking calves and billy goats and to sure enough guns and a pointer dog, and the looking glass age when he admires himself and greases his hair and feels of his downy beard and then he joins a brass band and toots a horn and then he reads novels and falls in love and rides a prancing horse and writes perfumed notes to his girl. When his first love kicks him and begins to run with another fellow he drops into the age of dispair and wants to go to Texas or some other remote region and sadly sings:

"This world is all a fleeting show."

Boys are mighty smart now-a-days. They know as much at ten years as we used to know at twenty and it is right hard for us to keep ahead of 'em. Parents used to rule their children but children rule their parents now. There is no whipping at home and if a boy gets a little at school it raises a row and a presentation to the grand jury. When my teacher whipped me I never mentioned it at home for fear

of getting another. I got three whippings in one day when I was a lad, I had a fight with another boy and he whipped me and the school teacher whipped me for fighting and my father whipped me because the teacher did. That was awful, wasent it. But it was right and it did me good. One of these modern philanthropists was telling my kinsman the other day how to raise his boy. "Never whip him" said he, "Raise him on love and kindness and reason," and then he appealed to me for endorsement. "And when that boy is about twelve years old" said I, "do you go and talk to him and if possible persuade him not to whip his daddy. Tell him that it is wrong and unfilial and will injure his reputation in the community."

The modern boy is entirely too bigity. I was at church in Rome last Sunday and saw two boys there aged about ten and twelve years and after service they lit their eigarettes and went off smoking. An old fashioned man looked at 'em and remarked, I would give a quarter to paddle them boys two minutes. "I'll bet their fathers is afraid of 'em right now." The old-fashioned man never was afraid of his. He worked 'em hard, but he gave 'em all reasonable indulgence. He kept 'em at home of nights and he made good men of them. They have prospered in business and acquired wealth and are raising their children the same way, and they love and honor the old gentleman for giving them habits of industry and economy. He was a merchant and dident allow his boys to sweep out a string or a scrap of paper as big as your hat. Habits are the thing, good habits, habits of industry and economy, when acquired in youth they stick all through life.

And the girls need some watching too. They are most too fast now-adays. Too fond of fashion, and they read too much trash. The old fashion retiring modesty of character is at a discount. They don't wait for the boys to come now, they go after 'em, they marry in haste and repent at leisure, they run round in their new fashioned night gowns and call it a Mother Hubbard party. The news papers have got up a sensation about the arm clutch, well I dont see any difference between that clutch and any other clutch. The waist clutch in these round dances is just as bad or worse. They are all immodest and there is not a good mother in the land that approves of them. A girl who goes to a promiseuous ball and waltzes around with promiscuous fellows puts herself in a promiscuous fix to be talked about by the dudes and rakes and fast young men who have encircled her waist. A girl should never waltz with a young man whom she would not be willing to marry. Slander is very common now, slander of young ladies and there are not many who escape it, the trouble is that it is not all slander, some of it is truth. In the olden time when folks got married they, stayed married but now the courts are full of divorces and the land is spotted with grass widows and in many a household there is a hidden grief over a daughters shame. It is a good thing for the girls to work at something that is useful. There is plenty of home work to do in most every household. If there is not then they can try drawing and sketching and painting or music, something that will entertain them. There are as many female dudes as males, and they ought to marry I reckon and go

### [For the Messenger. Letter From Pickens.

DEAR MESSENGER: I address you, though I have not yet seen your smiling face. I call you dear because I know your editor will make you a sweet little journal. I know him so well that I shall certainly expect to see some of his susceptibility shining in your sweet little face. May wrinkles never settle down upon your brow, but sunshine always be there. May you ever sail pleasantly over seas of milk and honey, with your youthful pen driven faithfully at the helm. We wish you this, we cannot wish you more.

Pickens greets Easley kindly. We congratulate her for her enterprise and thrift. Now she has a newspaper; success to her and it; "Booby" will make giant strides to make it a success. We pull our hat, and say, three cheers for our sister town.

We know no word but progress up here. New houses are going up and new folks are coming in all the time. Every where a fellow looks he sees pretty girls, but something seems to whisper all the time, "raise your hat and nothing more." We have an eden up here, but the trouble is, too many of the trees bear forbidden fruit. I suppose it will fall off when it gets good ripe, though.

Nearly a hundred pupils answer to the roll call of the Pickens Institute. Col. Black has organized a military company; just the boys are in it; the girls look on and the boys stand awful straight.

Now, "Bobby," don't get your amatory mail mixed with your MES-SENGER mail.

Expect you are crowded this week for space, and will say no more, but must add this: May THE MESSENGER hear with a hundred ears, see with a hundred eyes, and speak with a million tongues. C.

—On account of lack of clerical force no arrangements have yet been made by the third assistant Postmaster-General to redeem or exchange the old stock of three-cent stamps remaining in the hands of postmasters. It is expected, however, that a large number of the stamps will be used in connection with the one-cent stamp for double-rate postage and on third and fourth class matter. — Atlanta Constitution.

BUTLER'S NOMINEE REJECTED.—
Boston, October 5.—In the executive council this afternoon, the nomination of E. G. Walker (col), to be Judge of the Municipal Court of Charleston district was rejected by a vote of 4 to 4. Walker was immediately renominated by Governor Butler.

### [For the Messenger. The Saluda Musical Association.

This Association met at Cross Roads Church, Pickens County, S. C., on Saturday and Sunday, September 29th and 30th ult., H. J. Anthony, President; Rev. M. L. Jones, Vice-President; W. N. Hughes, Secretary.

A large number of Sabbath Schools and Singing classes were represented by certificates and delegates.

Lessons in Music were furnished during the sessions of the body by J. T. Childres, W. W. Morrice, L. T. Wimpey, James F. Singleton, P. D. Dacus, M. L. Jones, G. W. Singleton, J. T. Looper, S. P. Freeman, W. P. Massengale and Prof. J. D. O'Bryant. The Misses Lizzie Hunt, Rebecca Hunt, Ester Crenshaw and Mattie Robinson, performed on the Organ during each day.

J. Thomas Childres was chosen conductor of the meeting, and he did his work well.

The next meeting is to be held at Oolenoy Church, commencing on Friday before the 5th Sunday in December next.

After the usual resolution of thanks were tendered the citizens for their hospitality while among them; and likewise thanks to the Organists, and to Messrs Childres and Freeman for the use of their Organs, a resolution was passed requesting the Secretary to prepare a synopsis for The Messenger and Pickens Sentinel for publication.

### W. N. HUGHES, Secretary,

-Among the first payments of taxes in New York on Monday was \$6,542 53 on the property of President Arthur and Robert Graham Dun, the assessed value being \$285,700. W. H. Vanderbilt paid \$170,000 on real estate, while John Jacob Astor sent in checks on 109 different tax bills for \$406,000 on real estate. Wm. H. Vanderbilt also paid \$22,900 on personal estate assessed at \$1,000,000. Cornelius Vanderbilt paid 2,290 on \$100,000 worth of property, and the amount paid by Trinity Church was \$60,-000. Up to 4 o'clock the total audited receipts were \$2,727,000. This amount was probably increased to about \$3,000,000 before the day's work ended. -- Atlanta Constitution.

—The longest bridge in the world is in China. Its road-way is 70 feet wide and 70 feet high. There are 300 arches, and each of the pillars, which are 75 feet apart, bears a pedestal on which is the figure of a lion 21 feet long and made out of one block of marble.

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